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HOW TO BE A BWOC

Ladies, let me be frank. The days of the college year dwindle down to a precious few. And some of you—let's face it—have not yet become BWOC's. Yes, I know, you've been busy what with going to class and walking your cheetah, but really, ladies, becoming a BWOC is so easy if you'll only follow a few simple rules.

The first and most basic step on the road to being a BWOC is to attract attention. Get yourself noticed. But be very, very careful not to do it the wrong way. I mean, any old girl is bound to be noticed if she goes around with a placard that says, "HEY! LOOKIT ME!" Don't you make such a horrid gaffe. On your placard put: "ZUT! REGARDEZ MOI!" This, as you can see, lends a whole new dimension of tone and dignity.

Once you have been noticed, it is no longer necessary to carry the placard. It will suffice if, from time to time, you make distinctive noises. If, for instance, every three or four minutes you cry, "Whippoorwill!" you cannot but stay fresh in the minds of onlookers.

We come now to clothes, a vital accessory to the BWOC—indeed, to any girl who wishes to remain out of jail. But to the BWOC clothes are more than just a decent cover; they are, it is not too much to say, a way of life.

This spring the "little boy look" is all the rage on campus. Every coed, in a mad effort to look like a little boy, is wearing short pants, knee sox, and boy-shirts. But the BWOC is doing more. She has gone the whole hog in achieving little boyhood. She has frogs in her pockets, scabs on her knees, down on her upper lip, and is followed everywhere by a dog named Spot.

All this, of course, is only by day. When evening falls and her date comes calling, the BWOC is the very picture of chic femininity. She dresses in severe, simple basic black, relieved only by a fourteen pound charm bracelet. Her hair is exquisitely coiffed, with a fresh rubber band around the pony tail. Her daytime sneakers have been replaced by fashionable high-heeled pumps, and she does not remove them until she gets to the movies.

After the movies, at the campus cafe, the BWOC undergoes her severest test. The true BWOC will sneer, sneer, sneer, order the entire menu. This is gluttony and can only cause one's date to blanch. The true BWOC will pick six or seven good entrees and then have nothing more till dessert. This is class and is the hallmark of the true BWOC.

Finally, the BWOC, upon being asked by the cigarette vendor which is the brand of her choice, will always reply,

"Marlboro, of course!" For any girl knows that a Marlboro in one's hand stamps one instantly as a person of taste and discernment, as the possessor of an educated palate, as a connoisseur of the finer, loftier pleasures. This Marlboro, this badge of *savoir-faire*, comes to you in flip-top boxes that flip, or in soft packs that are soft, with a filter that filters and a flavor that is flavorful, in all fifty states of the Union and Duluth. © 1962 Max Shulman

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